

# HANNIBAL DAILY JOURNAL.

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.  
In Advance. . . . . \$3 for three months.  
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 1853.  
O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

## A Modern Shakespeare.

The editor of the Bloomington Republican has turned poet. This is an innocent employment, and it would have been much better for the town of Bloomington, if he had been engaged in writing bad poetry instead of worse prose, all the time he was scribbling about the Railroad. In his paper of the 11th, he has a dialogue in rhyme, between the editor of the Bloomington Republican and the editor of the Hannibal Journal. The fact that we sometimes put articles in this paper in opposition to people getting drunk, seems to trouble him exceedingly. He is cruelly sarcastic about the "Maine Liquor Law."

We give you fair warning to let us alone, Mr. Gilstrap, or we will tell that circus story on you!

"Rambler" and his enemies must stop their "stuff." It is a great bore to us, and doubtless to the public generally.

The last Bloomington Republican is dated May forty-seventh! The editor is an intelligent dictator to railroad engineers, truly--when he don't even know how many days there are in the month of May! We wonder who takes care of him when he gets outside of his own yard fence!

All our red headed friends should read the article over the signature of "A son of Adam." We like the racy humor of his style of writing, and invite him to continue his correspondence for this paper.

ACCIDENT.—This morning a young man named McNulty, engaged in the stable of Shoot, Jordan & Davis, was severely kicked in the side, by a horse, in one of the stalls. The occurrence was first learned by discovering him in an insensible condition on the floor.

Mr. J. Coffman has nearly finished a boat, to be used in carrying wood and sand, and to work by horse power. It runs very well, though it has not as yet had a fair trial. The experiment will doubtless prove successful.

Immense flocks of wild pigeons have passed over the city within the last few days.

The telegraph wires between the East and St. Louis surely do not work well. The St. Louis papers of yesterday contain no accounts of further loss of life by railroad or steamboat. According to lately established custom, something of the kind should happen every day.

The river is still falling at this point. No news from above yet.

They [the Paris Mercury] steal about a page of editorial every week, and no one knows when any thing is original with them.—[Hannibal Journal.]

The above very courteous tit-bit was perpetrated by some indiscreet youth or ill-bred rascal in the office of the Journal, during the editor's absence at St. Louis. We have ever regarded Mr. Clemens as a gentleman, and he owes it to himself as well as to us, to retract the above slanderous and false imputation, on his return home; or specify wherein we have not extended the usual courtesies existing among newspaper publishers.—[Paris Mercury.]

The editor of the Mercury correctly supposes that the paragraph he quotes was written and published during our absence at St. Louis. We certainly would not have thus falsely accused our friends of the Mercury.

## A Card.

The friends of Temperance are requested to meet at Temperance Hall in Palmyra on the 4th Wednesday in June next, at 9 o'clock, A. M., (being the 22nd day of June,) to organize a County Temperance Society, to meet quarterly at the different parts of the county, to wit: The City of Hannibal, West Ely, Warren, Little Union, Houston, Philadelphia, Taylor's Mill, Palmyra, &c., for the Public discussion of the Maine Liquor Law, and all other subjects connected with the cause of Temperance, that now agitate the Union.

T. H. TATLOW,  
EDWARD McCABE,  
R. E. ANDERSON,  
Committee.

May 12, 1853

## For the Journal.

"Oh, She has a Red Head!"

Turn up your nose at red heads! What ignorance! I pity your lack of taste.

Why, man, red is the natural color of beauty! What is there that is really beautiful or grand in Nature or Art, that is not tinted with this primordial color?

What gives to the bright flowers of the field—those painted by Nature's own hand—the power to charm the eye and purify the mind of man, and raise his thoughts to heaven, but the softening touches of the all-admired red!

Unless the delicate blushes of the rose mingle upon the cheek of youth—though the features be perfect in form and proportion, and the eye beam with celestial sweetness, no one will pronounce their possessor beautiful.

And the flag under which the proud sons of American sires find protection in every nation under heaven, is rendered more conspicuous and beautiful by the red which mingles in its sacred "stars and stripes."

The Falls of Niagara are never seen to advantage, unless embellished with the rainbow's hues.

The midnight storm may howl, and the thunders loud may roar; but how are its grandeur and beauty heightened by the lightning's vivid flash?

Most animals are fond of red—and all children, before their tastes are corrupted, and their judgments perverted, are fond of red.

The Romans anciently regarded red hair as necessary to a beautiful lady!

Thomas Jefferson's hair was red—and Jesus Christ, our Savior—"The chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," is said to have had "auburn" or red hair—and, although it is not stated in so many words, I have but little doubt that Adam's hair was red—for he was made of "red earth" (as his name indicates), and as the name "Adam" was given to him after he was made, it is pretty clear he must have had red hair! And the great probability is that Eve's hair was red also, she being made of a "rib" from Adam, who was made of a lump of "red earth."

Now, Adam and Eve before they sinned, are generally supposed to have been the most lovely and beautiful of creation, and they, in all probability were both "red headed."

But you, O ye deteriorated black headed descendants of an illustrious stock! have no more taste than to glory in the evidence of your departure from original beauty! I'm ashamed of you; I don't know but you'll repudiate your ancestry, and deny you are descended from Adam next.

## A SON OF ADAM.

The Die Vernon passed up this morning at about half-past 8 o'clock. She put off a great deal of freight.

## For the Daily Journal.

MR. EDITOR:

In your paper of yesterday I find that I have attracted the notice of a—fool. I had fondly hoped that I would not again be troubled with that class of individuals. But alas for me! I was doomed to be disappointed. Here, now, comes poor pitiful "Snooks," charging upon me. I am wholly unable to comprehend his "pitiful" article. It has been subjected to the criticism of several, and none have been able to make "sense" of anything he has said. He calls me a "Cox-Comb." I will not say that he belongs to that long eared race of animals that have more head and ears than brains. It is the custom from whence I hailed for a man to act just as I have, without having every "puny puppy" that runs the streets, whining at his heels.—His piece is couched in exceedingly bad taste.

## RAMBLER.

## CURE FOR COW FOUNDER.

Some time ago, I noticed an inquiry in the "Newspaper," concerning the means of curing foundered cows, to which I have yet seen no answer. When properly attended to, there is no difficulty in effecting a complete cure. The animal should immediately be given half a pound of salts, mixed with half a pint of molasses.—This dose should be repeated the next day, and after an interval of a day, administered again.—In extreme cases, a little soap-suds may be added with benefit.

The efficiency of this course I have had an opportunity to prove, from an experience of many years, in a large dairy, in which I have practiced it with invariable success. [Dollar Newspaper.]

## For the Journal.

ALEXANDRIA, Mo., May 1.

MR. EDITOR:

This is a great place, and I'll just give you a brief sketch of it. From appearances, I think it must have been the stopping place at the time of the Creation. It is a well watered piece of country, if two and three feet of the fluid on top of it can be called enough.

The principal productions are "inguns," (onions,) mud, soft soap and tallow candles.—Another important item is the miserable cigars they manufacture here—dear at five cents a grab and an armful thrown in.

The natives are a peculiar race of non-descripts—supposed to be amphibious. They are remarkable for the facility with which they spin tough "yarns," and the tenacity with which they stick to them after they are once told.—Their principal means of support are, catching drift-wood, robbing each other's hen-roosts, and passing bogus three cent pieces on the Suckers; their amusements consist of dog-fights, killing rats, and catching mud-turtles.

During high water, they have to bail out their houses every night before going to bed, as they sleep on the floor; and one man told me that the water rose one night even with his face as he lay on his back, and as he sleeps with his mouth open, he "calculates" he must have swallowed no less than twenty-seven tadpoles, fourteen crawfish, and three frogs; and it made him so slimy and greasy inside that nothing would stay on his stomach for three days! I respectfully tendered the gentleman my hat, and "shoved."

The post-office, blacksmith shop and soap-factory are all carried on in the same room, by the same man; and should there be a rush of business, he will not send out the mails till he has more leisure; so this letter will perhaps reach you about the fourth of July. It goes by the overland route, in a flatboat.

## SAVERTON.

## CROWS vs CORN.

As Indian corn is the most important crop to most farmers, so it is most exposed to the depredations of fowls and insects, some of which are ready to prey upon it in every stage of its growth from planting to harvest. My present purpose is to give a little of my experience in the treatment of birds. At some future time I may have something to say about insects.

After wearying my patience in putting up wind-mills, strips of chesnut bark, and bright pieces of tin, and exhausting my ingenuity in making ragmen, and such other images as I supposed would be frightful to them; but all to no purpose. At the same time, some of my neighbors less scrupulous of the death penalty, watched their fields with loaded guns, destroying many a beautiful songster who had never seen a kernel of corn. In this dilemma my attention was called to the following receipt for tarring the corn, and I have never known this to fail:—To four quarts of boiling water, put four table-spoonsful of tar, stir well, and pour over half a bushel of corn, or as much corn as can be wet with it, when the corn is all wet, sprinkle over ashes or dry sand, to prevent the kernels from adhering to each other, and it is ready to plant. [Dollar Newspaper.]

The New York Journal of Commerce, speaking of the "strike movement," says:

A few days since, the employees at the Mansion House, Brooklyn Heights, waited on the proprietor and demanded \$18 per month, instead of \$15 (the old rate), threatening immediate departure unless their demands were complied with. Gen. Yale replied, diplomatically, that all of them whom he employed after the 1st of May, should receive the wages demanded, whereupon the discontents resumed their work. The proprietor immediately cast about to see what was to be done, and the result was made known yesterday. Just before the gong sounded for dinner, twelve girls, very neatly attired, in dresses all of the same color, and white aprons, were ushered into the dinner room, taking the places of nine of the importunate waiters, who could not afford to soil their fingers with gravy, to the tune of only \$15 per month. The dinner passed off admirably. The girls conducted themselves with much decorum, and although evidently unused to the business, went through the duties of their office without embarrassment, and very much to the satisfaction of the guests. Many of the latter called upon their host after dinner, and congratulated him on the entire success of the experiment.

## DIED.

On Thursday, May 12th, LUCY ANN BOWWELL, daughter of Rev. James W. and Eveline M. Phillips, aged 9 years, 8 months, and 21 days.

## THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

A TALE OF AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The mighty West had been settled. The heaven blest home of Liberty extended from ocean to ocean. The States of the Pacific had begun to rival the States of the Atlantic, and beautiful villages and thriving cities adorned the ocean-shore of Oregon, and the banks of the great Columbia.

The darkness of night had settled over this scene of beauty and prosperity, and hushed for a few hours all but the everlasting noise of revelry. Now the upstarting beams of the full moon dimly reveal the spires of a distant city, and in silvery loveliness reflected from the quiet surface of the mighty deep.

Casting my eyes carelessly along the beach they linger upon a human form, with slow and solemn steps pacing from point to point. I endeavored to approach the spot unobserved, that I might ascertain who and what it might be.—He had now seated himself upon the edge of the rock, his feet dangling over the side, and his eyes fixed upon the breakers that lazily washed its base. In my eagerness to catch a glimpse of the stranger's face, my feet became entangled, and I fell among the bushes. Startled by the noise, he sprang to his feet, and in a strange tongue seemed to be demanding, "Who's there?"

On my rising, we stood face to face. I reached out my hand, and assured him, as well as I could, there was no danger; and he, in broken English, expressed himself satisfied.

His features were those of an Indian, for in my boyhood I chanced to see one. A bow was thrown across his shoulders, after the manner of those long departed tribes.

"Man of the forest," said I, "it is midnight, the song of the birds is hushed, and the wild beast has gone to rest, it is time for man to seek his home."

"Home!" he replied; "I have no home.—Why should I seek one. My people are no more. Time was when they covered these hills, and like a mighty swarm filled the vales. These waters were ours—the fish, the game, all were ours. There, where you see yon tall steeple, glittering in the moonlight, once stood an Indian's wigwam, and all around the gleaming watch-fires blazed."

"I know it," was my answer, "and often have I wondered that such a mighty people could so soon have faded from the earth."

"Faded!" he exclaimed. "Aye, you may well say faded. Often have I stood in the morning and looked up the mountain side, and seen the cloud that hung upon its brow wasted away by the sunbeam, and thought even so my nation was destroyed. Aye, sir, they passed away as my breath does from the bright surface of my tomahawk."

"But," said I, "how came it?"

"Know you not stranger," said he, and his tread became quicker, and his voice betrayed the deepest emotion; "know you not, it was the cursed fire water. War killed some—disease some—but that swept off its millions. It made war—it made disease. Our young men were ruined, there were no old men, and year after year the tribes became smaller, till now, although I have been far to the rising sun, I have not found one of my race. I am alone. I came here to die—to spend a few hours in prayer to the Great Spirit—and then all that remains of my fathers' people will be gone."

Here he paused, and I could not but notice with alarm the mighty upheavings of his bosom, and the increasing violence of his tread. He broke out again:

"Let the white man beware. He, too, drinks the fire water. If he will not stop, his fate will be like the Indian's. Drunkenness will bring with it disease and war; and by and by some other people will come across the big waters, and take away the white man's home, as he took away the Indian's. Go, stranger, go tell your people to take care lest the fire water shall burn them up, as it did the Indian. Go—Go—Go!" he repeated with increased emphasis; and ere the last word had died upon his lips, he leaped from the rock, and was engulfed in the ocean.

## NEW ORLEANS, May 11.

The first bank was established under the new banking law, called Bank of New Orleans, with a capital of \$1,000,000. The whole amount was subscribed in two days.

The Methodist Church was dedicated last Sunday. The sermon was preached by Mr. Parsons, of Louisville. There was a large attendance, and he made so forcible appeal to the audience that, in a quarter of an hour, \$15,000 were raised to pay the debts of the Church.

## HOMICIDE.

On Friday last an affray took place at the steam mill on the Florence road, between James Whaling, the Engineer, and a black man, employed about the mill. While Whaling and the black were contending, a boy, whose name we have not learned, a brother-in-law of Whaling, came up behind the negro, and struck an axe into his back upon his shoulder blade, inflicting a terrible wound. We understand the black is since dead. The boy is still at large.—Pittfield Free Press.